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## All Night Diner

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# All Night Diner

by Michael D. Riley

Gray formica with darker shadows,  
crooked names scratched in crooked hearts.

Silver Deco edges, triple fluting  
with silver rivets cling to 1933.

Red leatherette, split twice,  
is twice spliced by red tape.

Two seats curved like airplane wings  
fly toward each other forever

over continents of dried gum,  
chipped linoleum, crossed ankles in old shoes.

One thick rivet rusted to the floor  
yearns for its lost mate and shakes

cups and saucers, ice cubes  
and silverware in its derangement.

We sit alone together  
under a stainless-steel canopy

curved like a hangar before windows  
full of streetlights and rain.

Coffee drips endlessly into  
the brown sea we fly over.

From the grill, dawn mist rises.  
Cigarette signal flares flicker and die.

Our mirrored doppelganger  
leans low over his cup.

Salt. Pepper. Sugar. Glass mugs  
half full, held in reserve

before a white flag of napkins.

